WINTER AND THE "GREAT COLD"

The old simpleton thereupon revealed to her that while he was invulnerable to spear or arrow, axe or sword, his heart was made of butter and he could be destroyed by fire. 773 796

The conspirators thereupon, working privily by night, dug a trench close under the walls of the King's fort and filled it with dry wood, and on a given night at a given signal every Gilgit household poured forth its menfolk armed with blazing torches which they flung into the trench with a great cry: "The enemy is upon you!" The butter-hearted tyrant ran forth and perished miserably in the circle of fierce heat, and the Prince and Princess reigned in his stead.

While Gilgit itself has long since ceased to celebrate its deliverance, the Tumushelling Bonfire in Hunza keeps aflame the memory of Shíri Badat and his heart of butter. In olden days it seems that every Hunza household let its fire die out and rekindled the hearth by a brand from the Tumushelling Fire, but this practice had lapsed before any of our informants could remember.

One winter day, after a gruelling forenoon of solid hard note-taking, DL said: "I'm just about half dead. We must take a quiet walk this afternoon. We'll go up to the Mir's Stables; we can't meet anyone up there. I positively could not talk or listen any more." 423 311 ●

The "Mir's Stables" bear no relation to a stable as we understand it. Above the line of terraced fields that sweep round the bay of Aliábád there are 200 or 300 feet of sloping mountain side, forming rude pasture grounds: the *toqs*. Above them rise the steep sand and rock slopes that flow down from the towering crags above. A little farther down the valley from us there is a kind of shelf above the *toqs*, a small roughly level plateau, scattered thick with huge boulders, which is called the "Mir's Stables." It isn't irrigated from any channel; it lies above the highest one, which in any case has petered completely out before it gets so far; but as it is fairly flat it catches any rain or snow there is, and it gets a certain amount of snow and rain drainage from the rocks above, and so in between the boulders and rocks there are patches of coarse, natural grass and thorn bushes. This bit of ground

belongs to the Mir, and once or twice a year he sends people to cut the grass, such as it is, and bring it in for his horses. It was rather a favourite walk of ours when we felt inclined for an upward scramble, for there is a fine view from it over the whole of the Aliábád Bay and the smaller Bay of Jamu, before the ground falls sheer away into the great Hasanabad gorge with the glacier at the top that waters the village of Hasanabad, our next neighbour downstream. Moreover, it is one of the rare places where, once you have got there, you can walk a little on the level, dodging about between the boulders. We were about halfway up to the Stables when Khano overtook us, desperately out of breath: "I've parked my animals in that garden over there, and I'm coming with you," he said. The "garden" was a desert of stones and rocks, with a rough, loose-stone wall about it and a few miserable stunted trees. "But we know the way quite well, thanks." "Oh no, you don't, not half so well as I do," he retorted. (This, of course, was true enough.) "I'll come with you."

So along he came, chattering away nineteen to the dozen, and most entertaining he was. "Do you see the Red Rock?" "There are heaps of red rocks." "Yes, but there's only the one big red boulder, that's the Red Rock. There's a cave under it where we boys shelter when it rains, and on top there are cracks in the rock that hold rain water where we can drink." Right enough, the great boulder—50 or 60 feet high, I suppose—overhung a hollow (you could hardly call it a cave) and the youngsters had built themselves a rude wall and made a very cosy nest that would hold several dozen animals. We scrambled up on to the top and found as he had said that there were several deep cracks which would evidently make neat little drinking troughs when they weren't dry. Then Khano took us round in and out of the boulders and showed us all the boys' pet places. In one they had improved a natural stone sofa and built a sheltering wall and rigged up a fireplace with a few stones, and there they cook potatoes for themselves (when they can get any). They have a very merry life out all day on the hillside in every sort of weather instead of crouching indoors over lessons. The goats climb for miles and miles,

As we wound along the trail and through the streets of the village, I kept looking around to see if I could spot the bit of meadow or field where the yaks would be grazing. I felt certain that if they were being tethered or kept somewhere that there would be some sort of grazing ground for them and I found I was right because, shortly, we came upon a bit of meadow surrounded by shrubs and trees. And sure enough, there were the yaks and the herders.

The first thing I noticed about them was that they seemed to be snorting like wild bulls. They breathe rather heavily and exhale sharply through their nostrils. The altitude at Altit was probably about the same as that of Baltit—between 8,000 and 9,000 feet—and that was much too near the level of the sea to suit the yaks who wanted it at least 11,000 feet. Undoubtedly that was the reason they were snorting and appeared somewhat uncomfortable.

I liked their rather shaggy, unkempt appearance. The woolly hair that grew around their head and on top of it, looked as though it had been curled. I didn't know whether that made them look ferocious or cute.

I took a keen liking to the strange looking beasts. But I'm not sure that they shared my feelings. At least, they didn't look as though they did.

I have read and been told that you can trust a yak implicitly on any trail. If it's safe and can be traversed, he'll make it. If there's any doubt, he'll be just as stubborn as any mule. Where the way or the road is extremely bad, he will refuse to go and only by brutal pounding and beating and dragging will he continue along the trail that he distrusts.

Through each yak's nose ran a rope—a good thick, heavy rope. This is used to guide or lead the yak, instead of a bridle and bit.

131 Hunza is a country that lies along the Hunza River from Secunderabad to the Chinese border, a distance of somewhere around 200 miles, but no one has ever actually measured it. At the narrowest point it is less than half a mile wide. At its broadest, it is not quite two miles. Usually the only piece of flat land in a village is the polo field. Good, rich, deep soil as Westerners know it is absolutely unknown in Hunza.

311 Whenever a house is built here, they seldom ever use a piece of fertile soil or soil of any kind. They usually erect it on rock or on a steep hillside where that piece of land could not have been used for agriculture anyway.

Practically every bit of farm land is terraced. It can be said, it is actually cut out of the rocks of the mountainside which is the north bank of the Hunza River.

Of the total length of 200 miles, only a small fraction is at all arable. Most of it is solid rock or terrain so steep that horticulture of any nature is impossible.

312 Rainfall is scanty. They cannot depend upon it at all for crops. In order to get sufficient water, hand built and similarly maintained conduits bring water down from glaciers. These conduits are carefully erected and trained to run alongside the villages where the water can be trapped to flow where desired and used to irrigate their lands, also for drinking and all other necessary purposes.

There are four main conduits in Hunza and they are as follows:

Murku—This is at the highest level of all the aqueducts and carries the most water.

Barbar—Supplies the Baltit-Altit area.

Dala—This is the longest—extends as far as Aliabad. Supplies Kerimabad.

Hamachi—The smallest which runs as far as the tiny village Ganesh, located on a cliff's edge.

Water rights are regulated by law and a man can use the water from the conduit that passes his land at certain definitely established periods. The flow or shut-off is controlled by placing a large stone or rock at the opening of the channel into the individual's waterway. It may sound a bit baffling to the average individual, but upon viewing it and examining it, it is easy to understand and, what's more important, it is simple and practical. 312 [423]

Nowhere did I see these waterways covered or encased in pipes—although they did in many places run under the roadway.

As their water supply is glacier-fed, there is never any danger of a supply failing . . . at least, not in the imminent future. However, in cloudy periods the flow slackens and an extended cloudy period causes a severe water shortage.

Lest you get the idea that these conduits or waterways are a simple matter, I want to assure you that they are a marvel of engineering. Further, when you consider that the first one was built about 1860 without any man made tools or iron or steel, you can then believe what a difficult and gigantic undertaking it was. It is a monument to their industry, intelligence and foresight. At least now, they have iron picks with which to dig, rather than having to use ibex horns. [412]

Here I want to mention very definitely that the same type of waterway exists on the other side of the river . . . that is, in Nagir territory.

They do not, in any sense of the word, have orchards as we know orchards in the West, because they don't have a piece of land large enough or flat enough to compare with what we know as an orchard. In the West orchard sites are usually selected with the premeditated view of providing excellent drainage. There- 245 311

245 fore, knolls or rolling lands are preferred and gravelly,
311 sandy or light loam soils are chosen.

There are neither rolling lands nor tilthy knolls in Hunza. Here they have to take what they can get and make the best of it. The precipitous bits of arable land are terraced to prevent erosion and the flat pieces, such as there are, create no drainage problem because there is no danger of too much rain.

You will seldom see more than a few dozen fruit trees in one group or area. They are scattered here, there and everywhere and are planted only where and when they can grow to best advantage.

I would also like to mention that fruit and walnut trees are found growing almost everywhere along the roads or trails in the populated area, so no bit of arable land, no matter where it is found, is wasted.

245 I do not know if there is any dispute as to who owns the crops but all the way from Gilgit to Altit I did not find a bit of ripe fruit on the trees—which means most clearly that somebody harvests the crops at just the right time or when the fruit is at or about proper maturity.

433 From some of the larders that I examined, I gathered
251 that they certainly wouldn't have any overabundance and I further felt that, by the time winter and early spring passed and before the new crops were ready to harvest, some bellies might have thinned out and some more might even be hungry.

There was no reason for me to disbelieve the Mir when he said Hunza was the "land of just enough" but I still felt that, by the look of things, there would be many occasions when that "just enough" might have to be stretched a little. I was convinced that they certainly did not have too much of any food commodity.

142 The only two stout men that I met on my entire

there would still be ample time to grow another crop before the frost came. Therefore, that adds credence to the statement that they can grow two crops a year. 243

I gathered that buckwheat was their most important second crop and it was not hard to understand, because it thrives on the poorer and lighter soils, where other grains might not do as well. Further, it needs only about ten weeks to mature and it has the added advantage of flowering and setting its crops continuously, so that a fair harvest can be had at most any time.

Then, too, it is a crop that can stand the colder weather; that is, the chilly nights in early fall and spring that they are bound to have in these high mountain areas. In actuality, the buckwheat blooms continually and flowers, green seed and ripe seed can be found on the plants at one and the same time.

There is another good reason why the Hunzans grow a lot of buckwheat. It invariably leaves the soil in splendid physical condition and believe me, that is very, very important to the people of Hunza. In addition, this crop makes splendid food for their farm animals. It makes a fine green manure as well as a weed smother crop. [231]

It must be remembered that buckwheat makes a dandy emergency crop if and when other earlier crops have failed. So it is not hard to understand why it would be one of the most important grain crops in Hunza.

They don't have bees in Hunza, I was sorry to learn, and therefore there is no buckwheat honey. 262 231

The Hunzans are chiefly vegetarians—whether by choice or necessity is hard to establish, although I would say that they had little choice in the matter because they just don't have the area to waste on animals. They can't afford to get their food second-hand. While there [311] 311

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

311 were a few valleys where a bit of pasture might have been established or used, they just couldn't afford to waste acres for pasture purposes.

234 251 262 I did not see any cheese—that is, cheese as we know it—in Hunza, but I maintain that their stored butter is cheese. I knew from what I had read and learned that they have a most unusual method of storing their butter, and one day the Mir sent one of his servants out to bring some in. In a few minutes the servant returned, carrying on a tray a huge bundle that looked like and was slightly larger than a football. He placed it in front of me and told me to go ahead and unwrap it, which I did. It was neatly and firmly wrapped in birchbark and when I removed layer after layer of wet, dripping bark, I at last came to the so-called butter. It was gleaming pure white. A knife was handed to me and I dug a little piece out of the side and tasted it. It was absolutely delicious. It had a fresh wholesome flavor. I thought it was cheese and that is what I really believe it is.

234 Their method of making this butter is as follows: Goat, sheep, cow or yak milk is used. Their method of churning butter is strictly Eastern. They do not use wooden or metal churns as they are found and known in the West. Usually goat skins are used. They are turned inside out so that the smooth, tanned side is outside. Then the ends of the hide are carefully sewn together. Openings are allowed to remain by means of the legs, and these are used for filling the skin with the milk to be churned and later to extract the butter. While the churning is taking place, the leg openings are firmly tied.

Then the milk-filled hide is joggled, weedled, spanked, turned and twisted over the knees and this is maintained continually until some sort of solidification takes place. Just as with us, impatience and inquisitive-

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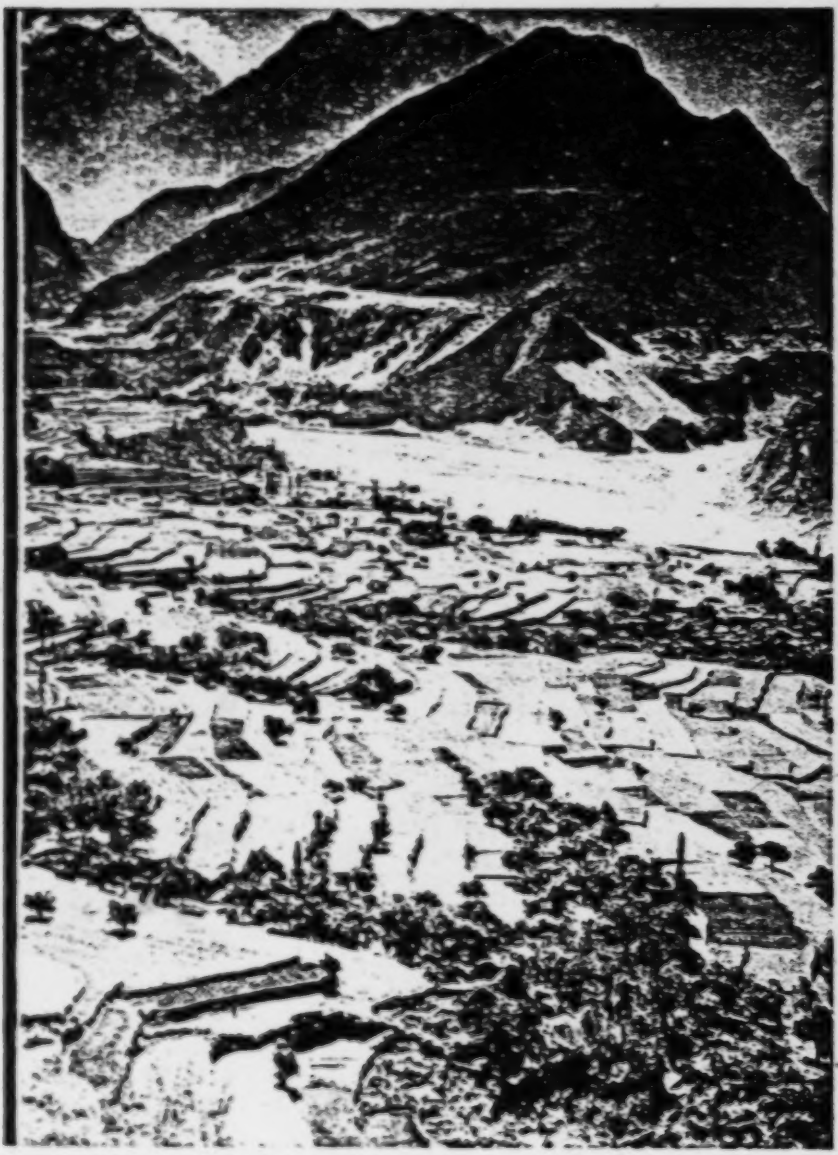

The largest area of land suitable for farming in Hunza—located near Baltit.

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Hunza fields are small, and are worked with hand tools.

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[p. 326-B2]

526 177 what dangerous game. But if you saw the selfsame sport played without an umpire, and only a score keeper, in Hunza, you'd probably think it the most bloodthirsty game in creation. And who am I to say it is or isn't!

Of course, the British changed the rules and regulations somewhat along the line of the Marquis of Queensbury, and a good thing, too, for our men aren't quite as tough as the Hunzans.

526 628 Practically every village in Hunza has a polo team and matches are being arranged continually . . . and the day of a match is really a red letter day for that village. The villagers may not have too much room for orchards and other farming, but they do have polo fields. Invariably the best and flattest piece of land in the area is used as a polo field. So you see, sport, for sport's sake, ranks high among the Hunzans and the Nagirwals as well.

[311] [367]

526 367 The polo field at Baltit sits just below the old castle on the precipice and rather close to the school and the mosque . . . a sort of towering civic square, if it might be called that. A well-maintained low stone wall surrounds the polo field.

[417]

While putting in my attendance at the polo field this day, I recalled that a few days previous I had followed a trail that led down from a cleft in this polo field to visit some of the Hunzan farms.

Above the raised wall, in places, are chairs and seating spaces for the spectators.

526 [562] [291] Everybody goes to the polo matches. And why not? To these affairs even the women go. And even though their clothes be drab their red, skillfully embroidered Hunzan hats make the spectacle glow with splendor and color.

[533] The Hunzan band is there to do the honors and

7:Tobe C, T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
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In discussing the Hunzan game of polo with some friends, when they heard me mention the fact that the best and largest piece of flat land was used for a polo field, they said, "Now, John, this is very contradictory. You claim they are intelligent people and every bit of arable land is needed and used for cultivation and now you tell me that the best piece of land and the largest level space is used for a polo field!"

My reply was, "What I've told you is absolutely true, but sometimes there are considerations involved which neither you nor I nor others in the Western world understand. For example, could we ever explain to the people of Hunza why we rush, swish, hurry and risk our necks driving down the highways, actually risking life and limb—not only our own, but countless others—only to get to our destination . . . and there do nothing!

"Or there is another example that may be even better. A man in America strives all his life to achieve the means of acquiring a home with all modern conveniences and comforts, including every electrically operated appliance or gadget devised to save time and effort. Then when this victory is achieved, he tries to get enough money to buy a summer cottage way up north. There he parks his family for the summer. Then over every weekend he drives hundreds of miles to get there and when he gets there what has he got? Outdoor plumbing, no hot water, no garbage disposal, no electricity—using a lamp or even a candle for light and carrying every bucket of water in from the lake or the creek. You just try to explain that to a Hunzan. There is no more rhyme and reason in one than there is in the other. But who am I to judge?"

It is a positive fact that the men in Hunza do beat their wives. I checked and double checked on this rather important question. The Mir told me he knew

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Hunzan houses have no chimneys—just a hole in the roof for smoke to escape.

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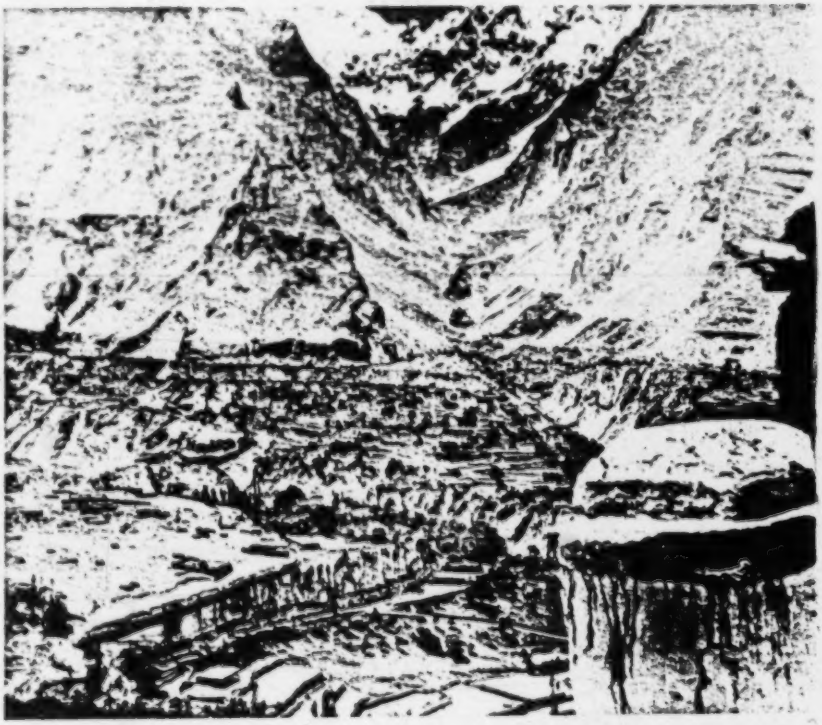

View from the Fort at Baltit.

[p.390-C]

7:Tobe C,T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

tion of rafiks have played havoc with travelers and caravans on this route since the first enterprising man inched his way across. Yet then and now bold, brave, fearless men were attracted and fascinated by the call to the serene loveliness, adventure and danger. 133 487

Then islands of greenery began to appear more frequently. These were the terraced fields, the oases that marked the villages. It was a pinpoint of light in a sea of darkness where rest, drink and food could be found, even if unappetizing and unabundant. These spots of green at sky-line-blue heights, among the millions of acres of barren rock and emptiness were pleasing both to the eye and soul and comforting, too, for the traveler. 133 311

Elsewhere, in the Hindu Kush or the Himalayas, could be found verdant valleys and hills and mountaintops that were furry and treed. But in the harsh, bleak, black Karakorums, such heavenly blessings could seldom, if ever, be found. Even the terraced tiny green fields could not, by any stretch of the imagination, be compared to a tree-covered hillside or mountain. Yet, let it not be said or thought that these bleak, barren hills did not have their loveliness and charm. They possessed beauty! Yes, they did! Like a tiger, 'twas fierce, sharp and untamed, but nevertheless, true beauty!

In the distance, one could always watch as the hills rolled, soared, dipped and then fell away to merge with the blue of the horizon. I know at times, allowing my vision to soar and wander about the mountains in the distance, my fatigue and weariness were forgotten and I plodded on, unmindful of the trail. My mind soared from peak to peak—some cloud-haloed, others bold and sharply defined. 133 487

One was always meeting the Hunza River, either face to face or having it course along at your side. Then,

7:Tobe C, T-3 (1959)1960 AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza
Nagir

Then wherein lies the difference? What happened through the years to create the obvious difference that everyone sees and feels the minute he comes into the territory? I am not an anthropologist, nor have I training in any scientific field. Therefore, I am quite unprepared to speak with any degree of authority, but I am told the difference is that the people of Nagir accepted or welcomed strangers and settlers from other parts of the area and thus, they became a polyglot group of mixed blood, habits, customs, religions and thought, whereas the Hunzan people, then and today, discourage outsiders from coming to live among them in their country. Then, too, I guess another important factor looms and that is that Hunza is not nearly as inviting from an economic viewpoint to a man coming from another part of the world to settle, whereas Nagir does offer many more advantages.

For me to assert that there are no mixed bloods in Hunza would be an untruth, because even in my travels about the towns and along the road, I saw distinct types that were not of the run-of-the-mill Hunzans. Some were distinctly Chinese and I am also reasonably sure that there is a fair amount of Afghan blood among the Hunzans, besides Russian—for, as you may recall, Russia is but a scant 14 miles away.

It is not my intention to try to build up a case for true-bloods as being the Hunzan heritage, for history clearly indicates that it is among the people of mixed bloods where the greatest advances are made in science, industry and the creative human arts.

In Hunza there are very few plains or expanses where farming on a large scale could be practiced. However in Nagir it is quite different. There were sections through which we passed that were wider than the eye could reach, covered with good soil that was carrying

184 a good crop of various kinds of grains, forage, vege-
241 table crops and fruits. In Hunza this just doesn't occur.
The terrain is steeper, more precipitous, more difficult
311 and seldom if ever does a flat open area come within
the limits of normal vision.

[133] Then, too, Nagir has many more nullahs formed by the melting glaciers. Rakaposhi is located in Nagir and surrounding it are many snowfields and glaciers which are used, trained and harnessed to irrigate their country.

Indubitably, the fates and nature have been much kinder to Nagir than they have to Hunza.

438 Let me also tell you frankly that on many occasions the people of Hunza purchase or barter various types of food from Nagir. I asked the ways and means that [437] were used in effecting these deals and found that in most cases money—earned by the Hunzans in service in the army, portering for expeditions and given to them as gifts—was the means.

184 One might gather from what I have said and even [628] from talking to various people or natives of the area, that the Nagirwals and the Hunzans are deadly enemies. But that is not true. The people of Hunza [186] think themselves much better than the people of Nagir. They do believe that they are handsomer, healthier, cleaner and are better husbandmen, but yet there does not appear to be any cases of conflict, physical or armed, between the two peoples.

123 I recall a little incident that may be of some interest. We rounded a spot—I guess it was 10 or so miles from Minapin—on the way up to Baltit and there we saw a decrepit, ragged looking Nagirwal. In his hands he [231] held a pair of chickens. They were the typical chickens of the area—full grown but the size that our chickens are when they're half grown. He waved them in front of us as though indicating they were for sale or could be

842 The country cannot afford or support a greater population than exists there today. Therefore, they will have to practice birth control, which it is claimed they already do but with which I disagree, or they will have to send their youths out of the country, which, as a matter of fact, they are doing.

311 There is very little chance of finding or creating more arable land in the country. I believe they have practically every inch tilled now that is tillable. There is no land left in that part of the world that is yet to be broken.

000 Their land and their fruit trees are their whole life. Their health, pleasant dispositions and industry, which they possess to the highest degree, are their entire wealth.

578 Quarreling among children and adults seems to be something that doesn't exist in Hunza. I found close affection and love was the general, accepted pattern throughout the area. This is even more surprising when you realize that most of the houses in the villages are built practically one on top of the other.

181 It was clear to me that they knew no worries and
152 that they create no worries. There was absence of jealousy, greed, covetousness and hurry. Their outlook on life is most unpretentious. They are proud people and do not grovel before anyone and they do not pretend to be anything but what they really are.

433 Every Hunzan farmer is completely self-sufficient, even though he might trade for something that is in short supply or that he would like to possess. He grows wheat, barley, potatoes, millet, cabbage, beans, onions, lettuce and occasionally a bit of rice. In their orchards they have apricots, apples, pears, walnuts and mulberries. Every family has sheep and goats and sometimes a cow or an ox, and occasionally a yak. They till

184 into the "fine, barrel chests" reported
146 by travelers. (I found that when they took off their shirts the fine, barrel chests revealed strong asymmetry, with ribs notably warped by rickets.) During my first winter, I developed a typical case of beriberi, even though my diet was more varied than theirs and was adequate in quantity.

133 The basic trouble rests not with the
161 Hunzas, who are neat, intelligent and
[18] hard-working, but with their country. There is no flat land in all of Hunza.
[36] Villages and farms are built on alluvial
[31] cones—fan-shaped masses of gravel dumped by streams rushing from mountain glaciers down into the valleys—and the small cultivated areas simply are not extensive enough to support the constantly increasing population. (The Mir estimated the population of his country at 25,000 in 1951. According to one of the last of the British agents stationed in nearby Gilgit, Hunza's population was increasing at the rate of 30 per cent each
[67] decade. Rising emigration and the absence of written records obscure the reality, as one might imagine.)

311 Hunza's slopes are so steep they
24 must be terraced by the laborious construction of hand-built retaining walls of boulders. I measured one cultivated slope of 60 degrees—so steep that the retaining walls were twice as high as the miniature plots they supported. And sometimes Hunza farmers will even create arable soil on top of bare rock. After a crescent-shaped wall at the foot of any fairly gentle rock slope is built high enough so the top of the wall is level with the top of the slope, the wall is carefully chinked and mud-calked, then sandy water from the nearest irrigation ditch is admitted to make a small pond. When the sand settles out, the clear water is drained, and more sandy water is admitted. This process is repeated for about two years, until enough sand accumulates to allow cultivation.

134 Much of the "soil" of Hunza fields
311 is thus not really soil. Rather, it is a jumble of unweathered boulders,
[132] gravel, and sand. Since Hunza is a
[13] cool but exceedingly dry desert, practically no plant food is formed. The scant rain that falls soaks rapidly through the spongy sand, leaches out any trace of plant food that may be present, and carries it down to the river. Not even sagebrush will grow on the unirrigated areas, so most slopes are barren. Newly irrigated areas are

134 so sterile that Hunzas have told me, "If
311 you irrigate new land, you must eat for five years somewhere else."

241 HUNZAS are skillful at building a
134 limited fertility into their sterile
[237] material, given enough time. All sheep manure is carefully saved, and the fields are fertilized with it four times during each growing season. Frequent irrigation works with summer warmth and mountain ozone to decompose the manure rapidly. The growing plants thus have a few weeks of available food after each fertilization, before drainage again removes the plant food. Hunza farming is actually hydroponic gardening, with the soil functioning merely to anchor the plants.

Plainly, the plants will receive enough of only those foods that occur abundantly in sheep manure. Nitrates, phosphates, and probably calcium are deficient. Yields of wheat and alfalfa are notably lower per acre than are yields from better-fertilized American acres. Apricot trees generally have reddish leaves at the growing tips, a sure sign of soil deficiencies.

433 Even the most painstaking hydro-
241 ponic gardening cannot compensate
237 for deficiencies in the food chemistry. Moreover, their system makes Hunza one of the few countries where an agrarian economy is absolutely dependent upon the pastoral economy.
[233] Even in the high mountain summer pastures, the sheep are carefuly herded into small cotes in order to preserve each night's droppings. Every few days a man climbs down the steep trail with a load of manure on his back. Effectively, the fertility of the high mountain pastures is being transferred down to Hunza's fields.

433 Unfortunately, the human popula-
161 tion has already grown so large that the fields cannot provide sufficient
167 food. Hunzas are moving out of their country in rather large numbers. Although the exact total of annual emigrees is unknown, it is clear that most of them go to the lower villages near Gilgit, where they soon displace their less industrious Sheena predecessors. Hundreds of Hunza's young men
[648] join the Pakistan army. Others take
[464] work as servants, where their honesty,
[181] industry, and common sense make them highly valued. The Hunzas realize, as certain Western tourists do not, that their country is a land of little food, and even less opportunity for the future, picturesque as it is.

4: Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Burusho AV7

The cultivation in Hunza is very limited; the finest stretch is just below the fort of the chief, and extends for some six and a half miles in length with a width of from a mile to a mile and a half, the whole of the land being irrigated. This main stretch of arable land, which is studded with villages, lies at an altitude of eight thousand feet, and faces south, and the climate here is delightful. Further up the valley lie scattered patches of cultivation, getting poorer and poorer as the altitude increases. The mountains enclosing the valley are very precipitous even for the Hindu-Kush; wood and grazing for cattle are therefore unusually scarce, and the people suffer in consequence. The clothing of the people is practically the same both in Hunza and Nagar as it is in Chitral, and has been described before,[1] the only difference being that the men's stockings are not knitted in such elaborate patterns, and that, as a general rule, the woollen outer robe is, in Hunza especially, more often white than brown. All, except on State occasions when the higher ranks don the turban, wear the Dard head-dress. This is a long bag of brown woollen cloth rolled back on itself till it forms a cap, which is one fold thick on the top, with a border an inch or so thick round the head. It makes a light, warm, and delightfully comfortable head-dress, but is a very poor protection against severe sun.

Nagar, as most of the surrounding people and the inhabitants themselves generally call it, though they also pronounce the word Nagér, and the scientific, for some cause best known to themselves, insist on spelling it *Nagyr*, is a smaller State than Hunza. The population is about the same,[2] and is composed of Yeshkuns, professing themselves Shiahs, but very

[1] [Cf. pp. 59, 72, 102, category IIc -- Analyst] [2] [ca. 10,000 -- Analyst]

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644 cluded that my men had been stopped without the Chief's knowledge, and that I would not stand being treated in this way for a moment. My message brought a full apology, but the incident showed the tendency to insolence on the Chief's part, for which I was prepared, and that it was necessary to prove to the young savage that we were not afraid of him, and should insist on being treated with proper distinction.

262 The Thum sent down during the day a dinner for the whole camp, among the ingredients for which was a half-bred yak. In the old days throughout these regions the chief guest had to cut off the beast's head, or, at all events, to strike the first blow with his sword. This part of the ceremony we dispensed with, but we ate the resulting beef, the first we had tasted since leaving India, for in Kashmir, and its outlying districts—Gilgit, Skardu, and Punyal—taking the life of the sacred cow is a deadly crime, which the Hindu rulers punished severely. There were still at this time unfortunate Mahomedans in prison at Srinagar, who had been confined for years, for keeping themselves and families alive during a famine by killing and eating cows.

311 In the afternoon we went for a walk and admired the cultivation, which is extraordinarily careful, the terraced fields falling in one continuous sheet to the river hundreds of feet below. Every inch of available ground is made use of, and we found many miniature fields a couple of feet wide and a dozen feet in length, telling of the pressure of the population, and the difficulty of the food supply.

241 I had heard a tradition that during the fruit season
262 the people were prohibited from eating any form